

# RESTORATION



VOL. VII.

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No. 3.

## Here's How Our Mamie Feels About The Yukon

By Mamie Legris

Dear Marie: A few minutes ago I was praying in our Madonna House Chapel — the Chapel that was dedicated to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception on December eighth. As usual I prayed for all our benefactors, friends, the summer school students, and just everyone. I said a special little prayer for you as I so often do — and it suddenly occurred to me that I owed you a letter. No doubt you follow Friendship House news in Restoration each month — so in this letter I will give you only the very latest.

### The Story Starts

On Mission Sunday, Bishop Coudert of Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, was visiting at Madonna House. He and Mrs. Doherty had had previous correspondence regarding the opening of a Friendship House in his mission territory. On that day he officially requested a Lay Apostolic group to work with the Oblate Missionaries in the Arctic.

In November, while on a lecture tour in Western Canada, Mrs. Doherty visited Whitehorse to look over the site for the second Friendship House in Canada. It was only then that she accepted

Bishop Coudert's invitation and agreed to send the first Canadian lay missionary group into the North. Thus Maryhouse — the second Madonna House in Canada — was born. And, next April, two or three staff workers will leave Combermere for their new field of labor.

Imagine my surprise when I was told that I would be in charge of the group! My first reaction was one of great fear. A hundred terrifying thoughts seized me. I felt so inadequate, so incapable! Just thinking of the responsibility scared me

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Our Lady of the Yukon.  
Pray for us.



## Yukon Priest Seeks Lay Apostolic Help

By Rev. Fr. Francis Triggs, O.M.I.

"The harvest, indeed, is great; but the laborers are few." These words of Holy Scripture can certainly be applied to the Yukon Territory, and in a special way to Whitehorse, its capital city. It is not that priests are lacking either in number or in zeal. But due to the vastness of the territory, the extreme cold of the winter, and the great length of the supply-line, both spiritual and material, each missionary priest is still fighting alone for Christ, like a scout sent out from an advanced battalion exploring deep into enemy lands.

### He Needs Lay Help

This Scout of Christ, this priest of God, is not going to win his battle for souls until the forces move up from behind; until he holds again his sacramental position of an officer in Christ's great army; until the Lay Apostles come in to support him in his work and leave him free to preach, teach, and administer the sacraments.

The Yukon picture is like the one we see so often — the souls in purgatory engulfed in flames, crying out, "Have pity on me, at least you, my friends." But instead of the souls of the Church Suffering, it is the souls of the Church Militant suffering from want of help in the ever burning flames of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Some of these souls are Indians who know nothing about the true God, or who have been made Christians in a false religion which gives them only a shallow form of social life without Christ Himself in the Mass, Communion, Confession, and the other sacraments.

Some are workers from other countries who are herded in and out of mines or construction jobs, from their crowded barracks to big mess halls, to their work, and back, without a thought of God, or recreation, or friends.

And some are native white men and women who have come to the Yukon to get rich quick or to escape from someone or something back home.

### New Land—New Ways

But they are far from their homes and their friends, far from their customs of piety and the old sustaining habits of serving God. These people, all of them created to the image and likeness of God, need more than a church with a good, kind priest to say mass for them and administer the sacraments. They need someone to walk with them, to talk with them, to show them the way back to the Church even here "inside." (Everyone here speaks of elsewhere as "outside.")

In the past few years, up along the Alaskan Highway, came the Army, the Air Force, and civilians; with the first trickle of modern civili-

zation and its good and evil influences. The armed forces came to defend the country, not to save it. The civilians came neither to defend nor to save it, but to gain its material wealth. The missionary priests and a few heroic sisters were here long before the war demanded a road through the country.

Now when the truck is slowly replacing the dog-sled, the demands on the priests' and sisters' time and energy are growing instead of diminishing.

When a Yukon Missionary wants to build a chapel, he does not do as you would expect a good business man to do. He does not form a committee to raise the money needed, hire a good architect, let out bids to reliable construction companies, and then return to his priestly duties of offering sacrifice and administering the sacraments. Oh, no!

### An Axe Is A Tool

In the Yukon, this Missionary first says a prayer for help, looks for an old shirt and an old pair of pants and an old pair of shoes, borrows a hammer, a saw, and a level, and then — after weeks of begging, borrowing, and sometimes "scrounging" materials — he begins to build.

As time goes on he discovers that prayer was his most valuable asset; for benefactors and helpers seem to appear from heaven itself. But the helpers come and go, and only the missionary seems to go on forever. His prayer now is, "O! dear Lord, please send just one steady, reliable man to keep this work going while I visit the sick and give instructions."

One fine day, with the help of God, the Chapel is completed. But the difficulties are only beginning. Remember that the Indians are not trained like the Catholics whose ancestors have loved and served the Church for centuries. They do not realize that the Church is not supported by the government, as they are. If they come to help at all, it is because you ask them to come, and even then they expect to be paid either in money or food or clothing, or perhaps by hauling them and their families and tents, plus

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## VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF WHITEHORSE

(On a letterhead bearing these words, and underneath the episcopal arms of His Excellency of that see, we have this letter.)

Madonna House,  
Combermere, Ont.,  
Oct. 18, 1953

Mrs. Catherine de Hueck Doherty,  
Foundress of "Friendship House,"  
Madonna House, Combermere, Ont.

Re: Friendship House in Whitehorse.

Dear Madam:

Following our previous correspondence and conversations on the possibility of a foundation of a "Friendship House" in Whitehorse, Y.T., before leaving Madonna House, where I was so deeply impressed with the friendly hospitality and the earnest missionary zeal of your Lay Apostles in training, I wish hereby to make an Official Application for a permanent foundation in Whitehorse in order to help us solve the many social problems of our fast-growing Northern Capital of the Yukon.

After what I have seen and heard at Madonna House I am persuaded that your Lay Apostles have the answer of Divine Providence to the problems which our recently founded Mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Whitehorse is dealing with.

I place our humble petition into the hands of Our Blessed Mother, who is so much loved and so well served at Madonna House, with the assurance that She will dictate to you and to your Lay Apostles an answer favorable to our needs.

Thanking you for the warm hospitality extended to me at Madonna House, I beg to remain, with profound respect and sincere admiration;

Devotedly yours in Christ and Mary Immaculate,

✠ J. L. COUDERT, O.M.I.,  
Vic. Ap. of Whitehorse,  
Tit Bishop of Rhodiapolis.



# RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE  
Combermere, Ontario  
Canada

VOL. VII.

No. 3

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

**LONELY LADY OF THE YUKON** . . . Mother of all who dwell in its frozen beauty and grandeur . . . help us to bring to its killing cold, the fire of your glowing Charity.

**IMMACULATA** . . . Queen of the virgin snows, help us always to seek and do only the most Holy Will of your Father and ours. Let our intentions be always as immaculate in His eyes as the snows in your vast Yukon Domain.

**MYSTICAL ROSE** . . . You who flower in the hidden valleys and unscaled mountain peaks of the Arctic . . . show us the heights of love.

**STELLA MARIA** . . . **MARY, THE STAR** . . . guide our footsteps, and our cars on all the errands of mercy done for your Son.

**QUEEN OF THE INDIANS** . . . you who follow and bless their hunt, and who help them to fish and trap . . . make our eyes see deep and far . . . and find the Face of your Son in these, your children.

**SPOUSE OF THE CRIMSON DOVE, THE GOD OF LOVE** . . . ask Him, for us, for the gift of tongues, so that swiftly we may reach every heart with the joyous tidings brought by your Son.

**DAUGHTER OF THE UNCREATED GOD** . . . ask the Most Holy One to help us to bring your Indian children back to His home.

**MOTHER OF THE INFINITE ONE** . . . teach us to understand that time and space are in His hands . . . and not ours . . . to touch, reckon, or understand.

**VIRGIN MOTHER OF BETHLEHEM** . . . who heard the soft whispering lullaby of the straw you laid Him on . . . teach us to be lowly and small, and to begin all our works at the feet of your Infant Son.

**LADY OF LIGHT** . . . make our hearts bright in the Arctic night . . . bright with faith, love and trust in your Son.

**QUEEN OF ALL HEARTS** . . . give us the grace to make all human hearts one—in your Son.

**MATER ADMIRABILIS** . . . make us see at all times, dark and light, the infinite privilege, joy, and ecstasy of our vocation . . . that brings us humble and small at the feet of your Infant Son.

**MATER CARISSIMA** . . . bind our wounds, heal our hurts, enflame our zeal. Give us but one dream . . . also to restore and heal!

**QUEEN OF MARTYRS** . . . make us see the joyous martyrdom of little things, done again and again, for the love of your Son.

**LADY OF THE TRINITY** . . . open the eyes of our souls and make them see all things with the eyes of the Triune Uncreated God.

**VIRGIN—FECUND IN YOUR MATERNITY** . . . make us fecund in God's Paternity.

**GRACIOUS LADY OF COMBERMERE** . . . bless and keep your "little flock" that will leave from here, your House of Love, in Combermere . . . to build another in the Yukon . . . for you, for St. Joseph, and for your Son . . . for all those you desire to bring there.

**MOTHER OF LAY APOSTLES** . . . bend low to us, the smallest of them all . . . and bless us to grow and multiply in your service and that of your Son.

**OUR LADY OF PROVIDENCE** . . . to you we leave all our daily needs. Inspire your countless friends to be your helping hands to us.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Last month I scribbled a few lines about the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which hangs in our bedroom, and how it keeps eternally changing. Now I feel compelled to tell you about another picture that is never twice the same. But this is a picture in the mind. Maybe it's in your mind too.

It's the picture of the dead face of Love.

### Change Your Life

One day — in Italy, perhaps, or Portugal, or France — I saw a Franciscan writhing in agony on a cold wooden floor, eyes shut, body racked with sobs, fingers trying desperately to claw the corpus from the wood of a crucifix. I've never forgotten the words. They were English words. "O Christ, I can't endure to see You nailed like this. Give me strength to tear You free. Let me rip You loose!"

A sight such as that is bound to do things to one's imagination, to one's memory, to one's life!

Somewhat later, here in Combermere, a visiting Dominican nun presented me with a plaque containing a crucifix surrounded by pictures representing the fourteen stations of the Cross. Still later, I came into possession of fourteen medals of the Via Crucis, linked together with Rosary beads. Then I could say the Stations in bed, looking at the pictures on my wall, or in my fingers. I didn't have to get up and go to the Chapel if I were ill.

But the picture I see with my eyes shut are not dead, static, changeless. They are living pictures!

I began to say the Stations every night before going to sleep. And I began to say the Servite Crown too, the Rosary of Our Lady of Sorrows. And out of his practice came the ever-changing picture of the face of Christ.

Ordinarily we can take this in our stride, you and I. The priest or the retreat master says the words in his usual manner. Without drama, without undue inflection, sometimes even parrot-like . . . "The Thirteenth Station. Jesus is taken down from the cross and laid in His mother's arms." Or, "The sixth great sorrow of Our Blessed Mother; Jesus is taken from the cross and laid in her arms."

### No Clear Picture

We have a jumbled idea of men taking the holy body from the gibbet — in much the same manner as they take down the Christmas cards and the Merry Christmas signs after Epiphany — and stretching it at Mary's feet. Or we remember a picture or statue of the Pieta in some church. But, before we can recollect ourselves and really meditate on the "descent from the cross," we have been hurried into the contemplation of a picture of Jesus being placed in the tomb, and then into the recitation of the "six Our Fathers, Hail Mary's, and Glory Be's, for the intention of the Holy Father, and the gaining of the indulgence."

But it's different at night, alone. Especially if you remember the tortured face of the Franciscan, and the words, "O Christ, I can't endure to see You nailed like this . . ."

The Thirteenth Station, or the Sixth Sorrow, holds you. And it will not let you go.

Or should I say that it holds me, will not let me go, until I take the body down?

It is not St. John, now, who does the work. Nor Joseph of Arimathea. Nor Nicodemus. Nor anyone I know. It's I. Is it you too?

The last words of the Redeemer are in my ears as I climb the ladder placed against His cross. "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit . . . It is consummated!" And His last great cry, His shout of joy and triumph, still echoes in the world. The world is rocking. Mountains near and far are being rent apart as though they were made of flimsy paper. Graveyards are spewing out their fleshless dead. The veil of the Temple shrieks as it is torn from top to bottom. And the ladder shakes like a reed in the wind of the Almighty's wrath.

### We Defiled It

I climb the ladder now. Perhaps it was so ordained from the beginning, from all eternity that had no beginning. I climb the ladder, sick with all the sorrow in me . . . which is not much, alas! . . . to wipe the Holy Face of all its sweat and blood and tears, of all its spittle, and of all the filth and rottenness and dirt with which you and I, and other men, defiled it.

Why I am chosen for this task I do not know. I am so ill equipped. I have no tears with which to wet the small gray handkerchief of my contrition, the poor worn rag of my sorrow for my sins. I want the tears of Mary to cleanse this face, or the rich soft generous red hair of the Magdalen, or the clean soft white linen of Veronica. But I have nothing except this mean, inadequate, coarse cloth of my own weaving.

The face! Sometimes it is the face of a whining panhandler. Was it I who said "Screw, Bum," to this face when it asked me for a dime the other day? Was it I who said, "Go get yourself a job?"

Sometimes it is the face of a neighbor, an ex-friend, an old debtor. Was it I who said, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to pay up; I can't extend your note"? Was it I who said, "I like him all right, and I forgive him; but I just don't want to see him again?"

### Whom Would You See?

It is a man's face, a woman's face, a child's face. I study it. I see the man I was rude to yesterday, the woman about whom I gossiped, the child I slapped or unjustly scolded, or whom I scandalized, or abominably neglected.

The dead face of Christ can be most uncomfortable to look at!

It is dark; but the lifted torches of the Roman soldiers shine upon the Corpse.

Maybe you have seen that face too — with the features of the partner you cheated, the woman you wronged, the employee you overworked and drove to crime, the woman you black-balled out of your select Sodality because she was a Negro, or a clumsy foreigner, or "nothing but a waitress or a maid."

Sometime it might look exactly like a member of that family you kept from moving into the house across the street, or the child who

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## The B's Corner

How different life looks from "inside" a specific situation! There is no denying it, it is a strange sensation. Ever since I visited Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, I have been experiencing this strangeness, have been aware of truly entering the very heart of missionary life.

There is awe about it, and not a little amazement. For it seems utterly incredible that the Lord would choose the smallest, newest, weakest lay apostolate — ours — to work in the immense, formidable missionary field of the North American Arctic Continent. The awe and amazement mingles with gratitude and joy, that at times are hard to contain.

### The Difficulties Fly

Then suddenly into this inner picture move many shadows. The harshness of the climate. The isolation from all familiar surroundings, people, and things. Loneliness. The difficulty of financing an apostolate at the rim of the world!

A thousand everyday little points creep up on soft-soled feet and encamp in one's mind. Furnaces. Food. Exorbitant prices. The decisions to be made as to who is to go and for how long. And what about health? Recreation?

Suddenly all this vanishes before the face of a woman with an Indian cast of features, who, somehow or other, becomes Our Lonely Lady of the Yukon. Then a burning fire of zeal comes into my heart, and it begins to sing its alleluias. It forgets all the difficulties and hazards in the joy of repeating, like a refrain, the simple words . . . **WE ARE LAY MISSIONARIES NOW** . . .

Yes, there is no denying it, entering the missionary field from inside is an immense and satisfying spiritual experience.

But I must not forget that grace works on nature. And what is it exactly that we are faced with? Let me begin at the beginning.

On Mission Sunday, October the 18th, 1953, His Excellency Bishop J. L. Coudert, Vicar Apostolic of the Mission Territory of the Yukon, whose see city is at Whitehorse, came to visit us at Combermere, as a result of previous correspondence. He stayed two days . . . saying the first Mass in our new chapel . . . observing . . . and acquainting all of us with the full history of the missionary works in the Territory. Before leaving, he officially invited us, as a Lay Apostolic Group of Friendship House, to make a foundation, a branch of our work, in Whitehorse.

### She Talks Her Way There

We were deeply honored by this call, which, as usual, we considered as coming from God. But before giving our final answer, I had to go to Whitehorse and look the place over carefully, to see if we were capable of doing the works of the apostolate demanded of us there.

Fortunately, the expense of travelling eight thousand miles (Whitehorse, Y.T., is four thousand miles from us) were met by a lecture trip that, with strange coincidence, had been planned to begin on October 23rd, just after His Excellency's visit.

On November 17th, I arrived at Whitehorse after an

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# COMBERMERE

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Winter really settled down to becoming winter this month in Combermere. The temperature dropped to 36 below. That day our newly installed oil furnace decided that it was too cold to work. It let its flame flicker and die away.

"I suppose," said Frances as we sat bundled up at the breakfast table, "when the thermometer reaches this mark in the Yukon, Mamie will write us a letter describing the heat wave they are having up there."

## Still Warm Here

The laughter that followed warmed us all. The realization came that though outward things may indeed be bleak and cold, all warmth has not necessarily left the houses of our souls. The coals and sparks of the spirit can still be burning strongly, though hidden by the ashes of outward appearances. Heat can still seep through; and with a little stirring up, and a bit of fuel added, not even a match may be required to make our love of God burst into flame.

How grateful we are to all you benefactors who have enabled us to construct the addition of the Chapel wing to Madonna House! Already we have been able to make use of it for the community. For the first time we had our Christmas party for the children on the premises. We also had our first square dance of the year in the same dining room under the chapel. Instead of being so crowded that one set of dancers ran into the other, there was plenty of room for swinging and for alaman left and the corners all. We are planning to have another dance this month before the Lenten season.

For the benefit of those

## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

awe-inspiring trip by air over the thousand-mile long Mt. Elias range of mountains. Whitehorse is a town of about 3,000 people. It is hard to pin down the amount of permanent residents. For Army, Air Forces, Royal Mounted Police, Federal Government employees, and the Indian Branch of the Government workers, form a semi-floating population that changes perennially.

The Indians come and go as the spirit moves them. So do many whites, seeking an Eldorado that, like a will-o'-the-wisp, has always drawn many through the centuries. A desire of escape, of forgetting and being forgotten, draws others. Trappers and miners, gainfully employed, are yet another group. Somewhere in the midst of all these is the permanent core of the population, kept there by choice business, etc.

## "What Do You Do?"

What exactly will be the nature of our work? Primarily we will deal with Indians; for His Excellency has given over to us Our Lady of Guadalupe's Indian Mission House. Yet, in truth, it will be a missionary center for all.

The House itself is a lovely structure built by Fr. Francis Triggs with the help of many volunteers. They enjoyed converting an old warehouse into a chapel with premises . . . i.e. two bedrooms, a kitchen, an office, a good basement. The outside is

who might wonder what our activities consist of during these winter months, a few of them can be outlined here. For the younger children we have a story hour, where tales are told and then acted out by the children. Since food is of primary importance to these little ones, and since many of them have more than a mile or two to walk in the cold when they leave, our hour ends with cookies and steaming hot cocoa.

## Flaming Youth

The older age groups arrive on Saturday nights for games which range in variety from "pick up sticks" to "ping pong." Several times during these months we have square dances which all age groups attend, since the family in this part of the country is really considered as a unit, and all recreate together. One of the staff workers looks after the tiny ones. One or two others see that the children who are too young to dance — but still too old to go to bed early — are kept busy enjoying themselves with games.

This time of the year is also devoted to increasing our knowledge in our faith, and in God and the things of God. We spend two hours daily attending lectures with the above purpose in mind. The balance is spent in a whole-hearted attempt to deepen in practice what we have learnt, integrating these new spiritual verities into our daily work.

Please pray for us that we may nurture well the seed of God which is planted in our souls during this season, and that we may suffer it to die in us and bring forth good fruit in due season.

finished in natural-wood-colored asbestos shingles. We call it, to ourselves, MARYHOUSE.

It will be the center of all our work. In its long range goal the work will be purely missionary. The need for helping the good priests to PREACH THE GOSPEL is self-evident in a territory where many inhabitants are still pagan. But to reach souls many works converge together.

There are the Corporal works of mercy to be done. Maryhouse will be, I know, a "resting place," and "an eating place" for Christ in anyone in need of rest or food, shelter, or clothing.

Whitehorse is a sort of gateway to the vast North with its fabulous mineral wealth yet hidden in the bowels of fantastic mountains, and guarded by severe Arctic climate.

It never gets below 84 below. Some places the snow rises to a majestic 70 feet.

## A Hard Easy Life

So many come to try their luck at the hidden and guarded wealth! The "native," the Cree Indian, still roams the snowy valleys and mountain peaks, even as his forefathers did, seeking game and fish, and furs.

Yet many white people believe there is here an easier way of life. They gravitate to Whitehorse, and find the easy hard! Then they seek temporary shelter and help. They must be cared for.

Sick Indians must be cared for too, until beds are

available at the small but wonderful hospital. And transportation must be found to get them back home after they leave the hospital.

So the two "bedrooms," with their double bunks, will be in constant use.

There also will be the service of bringing Indians to Mass and to Catechism classes, and to furnish recreation for the young interracially — Brown and White together.

There will be the Catholic Lending Library to establish a youth center . . . and thus will enter the Spiritual works of Mercy — an infinite realm of them, as I gather from the good Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who are in charge of the whole Territory.

Youth Center . . . Clothing Center . . . Christ's Eating and Resting place . . . Catechism . . . Library . . . Recreation . . . Prayer . . . Visiting of the sick and the well, for God's sake, for friendship's sake . . . Running a thousand or more errands for the needy — this is but the beginning of our apostolate in Whitehorse, as everywhere else.

## Lay Missionaries

In these days of men's hunger for God, a Friendship House, with its door painted blue in honor of Our Lady . . . is . . . and does . . . so many things that a thick book could not explain all of it.

Suffice it to say, that this time, Friendship House will be working under hard physical conditions . . . far away from all centers of civilization . . . and that, above all, it will be engaged in MISSIONARY work . . . which means it will, in its members, endeavour to WITNESS TO CHRIST AND FOR CHRIST IN THE DAILY, HOURLY, WAY OF LIFE OF THE STAFF . . . the best way we know for the laity "to preach the Gospel."

And then again . . . it means that we, the Staff of Friendship House, Yukon . . . must be ready to be eaten up inwardly with the zeal of Our Father's House . . . and to translate that fire of zeal by giving ourselves unstintingly . . . to be eaten up in the service of our neighbor.

Deo gratias. We have a chapel on the premises. Our Lord will dwell with us there in the cold Yukon and make it warm with His love and presence.

In Him . . . through Him . . . for Him . . . we can do all things, especially under the paternal solicitude of our saintly bishop, and the spiritual help and direction of Father Triggs, a priest who really understands the Lay Apostolate!

MADONNA HOUSE  
CORDIALLY  
WELCOMES PRIESTS  
IN NEED OF  
VACATION AND REST.  
SPECIAL QUARTERS  
AVAILABLE.  
PRIVACY — QUIET  
NO CHARGE

## HERE'S HOW MAMIE

(Continued from Page One)

To Confound Strong

But snatches of lectures and spiritual reading came to comfort me. They took the edge, at least, off my fear. God chooses the weak creatures of the earth to confound the strong.

Weren't the apostles weak, timid men in spite of the fact that Christ Himself taught them by His example, sermons and miracles for three years? Didn't Peter deny his master? Didn't the first Christians hide in the upper room because they feared their enemies?

But all this changed after the Holy Ghost descended upon them. Then they were ready to preach and die for Christ.

God gave them sufficient grace to fulfil the duties of the state to which He called them. He still guides His church — and His statement "My Grace is sufficient" still holds. I know He will take care of me at Whitehorse if I cooperate with His grace. Please pray for me.

As this year draws to a close I thank God for your friendship and wish you a holy and happy New Year. Sincerely, Mamie Legris.

## YUKON PRIEST SEEKS

(Continued from Page One)

the dogs, to some hunting site or wood-camp, miles out in the bush.

## Burn Costly Wood

Some one has to clean the church, light the fires, and keep the home fires burning in general. Of course the Yukon is mostly forest; but as the ocean is mostly water, and yet drinking water is scarce, so wood in the well-wooded Yukon is hard to get — and very expensive. At temperatures from ten to sixty below zero, wood burns almost as fast as paper and it is twenty dollars a cord.

So the missionary goes to the government office and signs for his own "wood lot," twenty or thirty miles out in the bush. He begs, borrows, or has a friend buy him a truck. And he cuts and hauls his own wood, fifteen or twenty cords each year. Even with the help of an Indian or two, this takes much of the time and energy he could, and should rightly, be giving to his more important priestly duties.

If he had good, reliable lay helpers —

There are other problems also which demand the Lay Apostolate. People are constantly coming and going in the Yukon. Very few remain more than a year or two, some only a few months during the summer. If they ask in town where the Catholic Church is, they are liable to be told there is none. So they drift on without God and their Church.

Only active Catholic lay men and women, filled with love of God and zeal for souls, can help the priests care for these souls. People come to Whitehorse in the Yukon looking for a job that will pay extra money, or they drive into the country seeking adventure with perhaps a hope of prospecting for gold. The Gold-Rush Fever has never died out.

## The Cold Rush

Many arrive in the north only to find it has cost them twice as much, as they planned for the trip, so they have no money and no job. There have been many be-

fore them, so there is no place to live.

These people come to the priest almost every day seeking shelter and food.

The answer to all these social problems and many of the spiritual ones could be given in a "Friendship House." The Staff Workers Mrs. Doherty has trained could give the amount and kind of assistance needed in the missions of the Yukon.

Dear Reader, please, by your prayers and material support, help make it possible to maintain a "Friendship House" in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. May Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Patroness of the Indians, through her Divine Son, Jesus Christ, bless and inspire your generosity.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

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died in India or Africa or Burma because you did not send the dollar the missionary asked of you!

I look at the wounds in Christ's face, the bruises made by knuckles and missiles and sticks, the stabs made by the thorns. My fingers ache to pull out the thorns, deeply imbedded though some are — two went downward through His eyes — but I realize that, though I washed my hands more often and more thoroughly than Pilate ever did, they are still unworthy to touch God's flesh so intimately. This is a task for the spotless hands of His mother.

## We Rush. Why?

An Our Father, a Hail Mary, and a Glory Be — or the seven Aves of the Sorrowful Mother's beads — and my imagination must pass on to the urgent business of taking the body down. "Christ let me tear you loose!"

Time! Why is it so important to us? Why is it so demanding? Why must I rush like this, even in my meditations, when I long to linger there, on the top of the ladder, gazing at the God-Man Who died for love of me — and you — and sinners worse than we are?

Some night, I think, I'll spend the whole night, just looking. That face can make you squirm, as I may have already said; it may make you weep; it may make you sick with self-loathing and remorse. But it can make you happy too.

For even though it is dead, expressionless, beaten out of shape, and caked with dried blood you cannot cleanse away, you can still see Mercy shining in it. And Forgiveness. And Divine Love. And Promises no other face could offer.

(To be Continued)

## St. John Eudes' Tribute To Mary

Contract of Holy Matrimony between the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, and Saint John Eudes, as written by St. John.

"O admirable and most amiable Mary, Mother of God, it is no wonder thou art willing to be the spouse of the least of all men who had the boldness to choose thee from his tenderest years to be his most unparalleled spouse, and to consecrate his body, heart and soul wholly

(Continued on Page Four)



## ST. JOHN EUDES'

(Continued from Page Three)

to thee. The truth is that thou dost wish to imitate the infinite goodness of thy Son Jesus Who is willing to be the spouse of sinful and wretched souls.

## A Unique Contract

"... Deign to accept the conditions of our holy union which I am about to write down on this paper. It will serve as a copy of the contract of which I implore the Holy Spirit to be the notary, that He may record it in thy Heart and in mine in the golden and indelible letters of His pure love.

"... I desire my whole being, with all its dependencies and appurtenances to be fully subject to thy power.

"... I desire to appropriate and retain nothing of the dowry thou hast brought to me, that is to say, the numberless graces and favors which the heavenly Father has granted me through thy intercession.

"... All that I am, all of which I am capable, all that I possess in body and soul, nature and grace, all that I hope for in glory, and in general, all that belongs to me in either the spiritual or temporal order, or that depends on me in any way whatsoever, be thine entirely and without reservation, that thou mayest do with them as thou wilt.

## Signed And Sealed

"... Grant that it may be accepted and signed by thy adorable Father, Who is also my Father; by thy Son Jesus, my Redeemer; by thy Spouse, the Holy Spirit; ... and all the saints who had devotion to thee while they were on earth, and all the other angels and saints may sign it as witnesses; and that the Holy Spirit may imprint thereon the eternal seal of His divine love. Amen, amen! So be it!

"Dated at Caen, in the house of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, on Saturday, this 28th day of April, 1668." John Eudes.

(It may be noted that a similar fact is found in the life of St. Robert, Abbot of Citeaux. St. Edmund of Canterbury once told his aunt that when he was very young he chose the Blessed Virgin Mary as his spouse and placed a gold ring on the finger of her statue in token of his promise.)



## Seventh Station

By Catherine

The earth was harsh  
Against His cheek,  
Like the hearts of men  
That reject God.  
The cross fell  
On His prostrated back  
With all the weight  
Of all the sins  
Of all mankind.

The dust was bitter—  
As bitter  
As mortal sin.

They did not call  
Anyone  
To help, this time.  
They pushed and shouted  
And commanded  
That He get up.

He tried,  
Staggered half-up,  
Fell prone again,  
The sun and dust  
Filling His wounds  
With a thousand  
Sharp, stinging pains.

He tried again.  
They kicked and swore;  
And He managed  
To get up  
A little more;  
Then, as one exhausted,  
Staggered  
To His feet.

The cross fell back  
Into the deepest wound  
It had made  
In His holy flesh;  
And He walked on.

For the last time  
The earth,  
The harsh  
Unyielding earth,  
Knew the footsteps  
Of a Love unique  
That never  
Would touch its face  
Again.

The sun and pebbles  
Embedded themselves  
More firmly  
Into His wounds.  
And the harsh earth  
Left its kiss  
Upon God's flesh.

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We seldom do much soliciting or advertising of our little paper. We leave its growth to the Spirit of Wisdom, under Whose direction and protection we placed it, on December 1st, 1947.

Yet February is Press Month. And the Lay Apostolate is the most vital question of this Marian year of grace 1954. The immense significance of "Little Papers" is beginning to dawn on people and nations. We have been offered a thousand dollars for a complete set of copies of all our publications. Alas! we haven't such a set. The would-be purchaser was a well known University that desired to have such a set for its library, realizing the

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"HOUSEWIFELY-MINDED IN THE LOWLY ROOM, SHE MOVED ABOUT TO SET THE FEED-BIN TABLE, SMOOTH THE STRAW BEDS,



## The Stigmatics

By J. Edward P. Butler

The crimson-flowered rose of love,  
Perennial Epiphany,  
The bleeding Lamb and flaming Dove,  
Met here in poor humanity,  
Proclaim the great Paternity.

Who have not seen and have believed  
Now see and touch and taste and hear.  
Who with the unseen Victim grieved  
Now bear with Him the fatal gear,  
Now know with Him how man is dear.

From us in whom the light is weak,  
In whom the holy flame burns low,

Take, God, our tears and let them speak

Our thanks that we at least may know

These mighty lamps that from Thee glow.

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Please contact Miss Dorothy Phillips at Madonna House, Combermere, Ont.

She timidly tucked at another priest's gown  
And he looked around with a slight little frown.  
"Please! I would like to kiss The Archbishop's Ring."

What took place in the Sacristy I do not know.  
It was not a place for me to go.

But I shall never forget that little child's face  
As she told how she kissed the ring of His Grace.

There was something attractive about this strange little child

So humble and timid, so pitifully mild.

She was so happy as she limped away!

God grant her such happiness every day!

## WHEN CHARITY I DO

(Giovanni Savonarola—1452)

Translated by J. F. T. Prince

In every place I sought, but found Thee not.

Of Earth I asked; Art Thou my God? And Earth answered; Thales is mocked. I am not thy God.

Of Ether, which made reply; Thou must go higher; Of Heavens and Stars and the Sun, which said:

From nothing hath He created us; He is thy God Who filleth Heaven and Earth

Yet dwelleth in thy heart.

Lord, I had sought Thee from afar and Thou wert near. Then

Of mine eye, I asked; hadst Thou thereby entered in: Which answered: Colors only I know.

Of mine ear, which said; Sound only I hear.

Wherefore the senses know Thee not. Yet

Hast Thou entered into my soul; and in my heart

Thou dwellest, And workest, when charity I do.

## You My Own

By Francoise De Castro

Let me talk to you softly.  
Let me tell you of my love.  
Let me be with you.  
Let me be your slave.

Let me be your little child.  
Let me nestle in your arms.  
Let me sleep the sleep of love,  
Let me sleep.

Let me say your name again.  
Let me wonder at your grace.  
Let me speak to You tonight.  
Let me love.

Be my help and be my light.  
Be my comfort and my joy.  
Be my Mother. Be my guide.  
Be my all.

Be my everlasting pride.  
Be my glory. Be my Queen.  
O Mary, Mother of Christ,  
You, my own!

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